

THEY MADE RECORDS

FOUR PEOPLE WHO HAVE "DONE SOMETHING" WORTH NOTING.

The Curio Collector Who Rode Down the Crown Prince—Builder of the First Ocean Steamer—Bruce, the Type Founder—Michigan's Philanthropist.

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It is just a little discouraging to ambitious youth to look over the roll of the world's heroes and see how many of them became famous by accident. No, that isn't the phrase exactly. They started in to do some one thing that lay near their hearts, and without intending it gained great honor. And a tinge of



NICK SCHUTZE.

humor is added by the fact that a majority of them are noted for accomplishing something quite out of the line they originally prescribed for themselves. Of aged Americans of considerable fame, a few notable instances are here presented: "Old Nick" is the every day title of a citizen of Dyer, Ind., who has acquired a peculiar sort of reputation simply by indulging a "fad." For his own amusement he collected curios for forty years and time has made his collection of immense value. His name is Nick Schutze, and he was noted in the German army of half a century ago as the Hussar who rode over Prince Wilhelm, afterward the famous Emperor William, when the latter carelessly got in the way of a certain evolution. When called to account he pointed out that the prince was within the line marked out for the cavalry management and so a Hussar had no right to know him from any other intruder. There was no gainsaying the fact, and he was not on a acquitted but rewarded for strict obedience.

Soon after he obtained his discharge, he emigrated and settled in Lake county, Ind., while there was still a great deal of swamp and wilderness, while wolves were still abundant and unreliable Indians lingered on an adjacent reservation. His strength and endurance made him a noted man. He got his homestead paid for and thereafter devoted all his leisure time and spare cash to collecting curiosities. If an old Indian mound was opened or a bed of fossils laid bare by a farmer's washing away the bank, "Old Nick" was soon there. He has gathered Indian arrow heads, stone tomahawks, pipes and wampum; fossils of every age represented in the local geology, wolf skulls, deer antlers, flint and quartzite ornaments, old copper relics and no end of pottery, pestles and mortars.



JAMES GOUDIE.

He knows nothing whatever of science and has a nomenclature of his own. One class of fossils he calls "stone potatoes," another "giant's thigh bones," etc. Yet he has made a very valuable collection. Personally he is a curiosity. The children of the vicinity call him "Santa Claus," on account of his immense eyebrows, bushy hair and long beard. His relics are soon to be sold, as he is getting too old to work and has not laid up much cash, and many of the articles are of great value.

Another old man with an interesting story is James Goudie, who lives at Evanston, Ill. He is eighty-three years old, and he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding nine years ago. He did many good things when in his prime, but his great claim to distinction is that he built the first vessel which crossed the Atlantic entirely by steam. It is true the Savannah in 1819 used steam, but only in calm weather and as an auxiliary to sails, and though its voyage across the ocean is recorded as that of a "steamship," the engine was on deck and operated rude wheels which were taken up in time of storm.

The Royal William was the first vessel to cross the Atlantic with steam only, and that was from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Gravesend in the autumn of 1833. She was soon after sold to the Spanish government for \$10,000 and her name changed to Ysabel Segunda (Isabella II), and after four years in the Spanish service her machinery was transferred and the old hulk discarded. Her engines were of 300-horse power, with two walking beams, operating side wheels, and she was constructed by Mr. Goudie for a Canadian firm. The gentleman was born in Quebec, and was practically reared in the shipyard of his father, Mr. John Goudie, a Scotchman. The father and his partner built most of the British vessels for the lakes during the war of 1812-13.

At the age of sixteen the son went to Greenock, Scotland, and after several years in the shipyards there returned to Canada and began to build on his own account. He has built at least 100 vessels, large and small, the last one he managed from mast to keelson being the Anna McKenzie, at Montreal, in 1893. In 1873 he located in Chicago, where he has four sons and two daughters. He has received many honors in the way of medals, diplomas and the like, and the Literary and Historical society of Quebec, published a full account of his services and inventions, yet he has accumulated very little wealth.

Seven years older than the aged ship-builder and still in good health and with a clear brain, is Mr. Robert Bruce, the famous type founder. He, too, is of Scotch parentage, but he was born at 40 Dey street, New York, on Feb. 6, 1802. Forty years ago the "Bruce Type Mold" was the great boon to the trade. He now lives at 193 South Fourth street, Brooklyn, but in his schoolboy days his range was from Sloat Lane, the locality of which cannot now be made out, to Little Green street, which ran diagonally from Maiden Lane to Nassau street, New York.

One who looks on the solid blocks of that locality today can hardly believe that in 1810-11 there were but a few scattered cottages there and an old school house in which one John Griscomb taught for years. The next school house to the west was the domain of the noted or notorious John Ruggles, whose stern countenance and lumber cane are remembered only by a few of the very oldest. He whaled young Robert Bruce so fearfully that the boy swore revenge and trained his muscles to whip the teacher, but just before he got old enough the new regime for teachers got in, and Ruggles journeyed south and died.

When Robert went to work in the type foundry an expert could cast fifteen type a minute. In 1840 he completed his first machine and sold the patent for a handsome sum. In 1846 he perfected the second, the one now in use, by which a workman can turn out 140 type per minute. He has done well



ROBERT BRUCE.

financially and enjoys a fair share of wealth, has been twice married and has six daughters and two sons living. There is a dry Yankee wit or pungent Scotch humor, or both combined, about the old gentleman's talk which makes his reminiscences unusually interesting, and it is worth noting that he considers the present time as good as any he has known. This is not apt to be the case with the aged, but perhaps success and good health have something to do with it.

That the builder of the first steamship, with 300 horse power, should live to the era of the great Cunarders, Etruria and Umbria, with their 2,500 registered and 7,500 indicated horse power, or that the old type founder should live to see New York city's northern border advance eight miles, are indeed striking illustrations of the progress of the age and country. Along with this, it must be admitted, has come an enormous growth of poverty and other evils from which a young society and new country are comparatively free. And again it is pleasure to record that benevolence has grown equally fast, and that just now there is almost a mania among the wealthy for "endowing" some charitable institution.

Among the thousands one may be selected for his oddity, namely, Ezra Bostwick, who is known in Michigan as Union City's "mildly eccentric philanthropist." He was born in Onondaga county, N. Y., in 1826, went to Michigan at an early age, got a big tract of land, held on to it, worked hard and therefore became rich. A few years ago he took notice that testamentary endowments were often disputed, and concluded to do his giving while he lived; so he gave \$50,000 in property to Albion college, and a few years later added \$50,000 in cash. He gave the Methodists of Union City a fine parsonage and \$12,000, and scattered near \$100,000 otherwise.



EZRA BOSTWICK.

He is extremely human in his feelings, and enjoyed the notoriety very much till begging letters began to load his mail. He found then that he had "called spirits from the vasty deep," indeed, and swore "By George!" (his only oath) that hereafter he would keep his transactions secret. It is said that he takes a pride in owning some real estate in every state of the Union.

J. H. BRADLEY.



PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.

The Grievance of the Living Skeleton and How It Was Rectified.

"It's no use," said the living skeleton, "I have tried my best to adapt myself to the exigencies of life in this establishment, but I can't do it. No one in my position could do it. I have worn myself to skin and bone in countless efforts to make things pleasant for my companions. I have trained down seven ounces avoirdupois per week to please the management, and I have worn black tights, which are very unbecoming to my form, because the tattooed lady wanted a neutral background for her complexion. And what has been my reward? Harsh words and cutting remarks and unfeeling allusions to Antinous and the Apollo Belvidere. It's too much!" And the unhappy freak buried his face in his hands and retired behind his walking stick.

"That's what's the matter," said the manager with marked sarcasm. "You're too much. You weigh nearly a pound more than the skeleton dude at Smithers' with all his jewelry thrown in. You're queering the show."

"What!" cried the living skeleton from behind his stick. "You dare to reproach me with my weight when you know that it is due to your meanness, your parsimony, your vulgar, grasping nature! When three months ago I wanted to get my hair cut didn't you order me not to do so because you wanted me to play understudy to the Cirassian beauty during the dull season? And didn't you make me let my nails grow so I could do the Wild Man of Borneo's turn when he had a night off? Didn't you?"

"Cheese it!" said the tattooed lady. "You're making the fat woman shake all the flesh off 'er."

"Didn't I tell you?" cried the manager, shaking his fist excitedly at the walking stick, from behind which came sounds of sobbing, "that duck's a hoodoo? He's queered the show ever since he come, and he'll keep on queering it as long as he stays. Oh, if there was only more like him! No, not more like him, but more of his kind. I'd rather have the fakiest skeleton in the business than him. He'll bankrupt the management. He's worse'n the tortoise boy!"

"Ingrate!" retorted the living skeleton; "serpent; reptile; Iscariot!"

"Close yer jaw or yer'll swallow yerself," said the wild man, as he brushed his hair before the necromancer's mirror.

"Be silent, you link!" retorted the living skeleton. "If Darwin were only here!"

"What's the matter with the living skeleton?" asked the modern Samson kindly, as he carefully pasted together the torn edges of a 1,000 pound weight.

"Nothing," answered the tattooed lady; "he's out of sight."

"Cruel! Heartless!" came from behind the walking stick.

"Where are you?" called the modern Samson. "Come out and show yourself. Don't be afraid. I won't let 'em crowd you."

"I wouldn't mind it so much," said the living skeleton as he appeared from his place of hiding, "if they'd give a fellow a shadow of a show."

"But you ain't got no shadow," said the tattooed lady tauntingly, "and we're the show."

"He's not in it," interposed the wild man.

"I'm just as much a part of the show as any of you," said the living skeleton. "I'm a good deal more of it than some of you. In fact I may say that I am the framework of the establishment." And he drew himself up proudly.

"I 'clar t' goodness, Brudder Bones, yo' meks me laugh!" said the wild man, who had once been very successful in the burnt cork branch of his profession — was in fact a regular burnt corker.

"Don't use the vernacular, Whiskers," said the modern Samson cuttingly. "It's bad form."

"So's yer friend," retorted the wild man.

"He's not a fake anyhow," said the modern Samson.

"Well, you are," replied the wild man with an oriental sneer. "And what's more, you're a —"

It is hard to say what would have followed had not the fat woman, who had hitherto listened silently, said: "Gentlemen!"

The world restored the excited freaks to a sense of their social standing, and they at once retired to their respective platforms after each had bowed profoundly to the fat woman.

Then the audience came in from the stage performance and the freaks took their positions for the lecture. — New York Evening Sun.

Facts in the Case.



Young Architect (enthusiastically)—Why, when you get into the new house you won't know yourselves.

Miss N. Rich—Excuse me. It will be other people we won't know. — Brooklyn Life.

Modern Health Appliances. Physician—What you need every day is a good shaking up.

Patient—How would horseback riding do?

Physician—That isn't quite severe enough. What you want to do is to take ride every day in one of our ambulances. — Life.

Not to Be Envious. The late Sir Thomas Chambers was not a wit, and laughter seldom entered the court over which he presided so solemnly. There is, however, one good story told of him in The Temple. It is to the effect that a prisoner who was undefended pleaded "Guilty," and counsel, having been instructed to defend him at the last moment, withdrew the plea and substituted that of "Not guilty," with the result that the jury acquitted him. In discharging the prisoner Sir Thomas is said to have remarked: "Prisoner, I do not envy your feelings. On your own confession you are a thief, and the jury has found that you are a liar." — Argonaut.

A Thoughtful Husband.



"How did you get in?" "I wanted to see if the ice would bear me and my wife, and —"

"Where is she?" "I'm standing on her. How the deuce could I keep my head above water to yell for help if I didn't?" — Harper's Bazar.

Too Much Climax.

A man rode in the elevator car of a big downtown building the other day. The boy who boosted the car was ambitious in letters and had a novel hitched up in front of him. He was not so much skilled as he was ambitious, and like other unlearned men he read painfully and half aloud, keeping at the same time an eye on the floor.

"Flossie," he muttered, "turned upon the baffled inventor, her eyes flashing with indignation, and stamped her foot on the — second floor, gents — on the marble pavement, while her violet eyes flashed fire and her shapely bosom heaved with — third floor, massage parlor, 309, to your right — with wrath."

"Oh, sir," she said, "you little reeked with whom — fourth — you had to deal. I am but a pore country girl, little skilled in the ways of — seventh floor. Dr. Williams — the ways of the world, but I know you, caiff, and I defy you."

"Ah," cried the baffled fiend, "you — ninth floor — shall not thus escape me. He drew a murderous revolver from his — tenth — and pointed it at the fair creature. At this moment — eleventh floor, 'sfar's we go. Who do you want to find, sir?"

"I wanted to get off at the sixth," said the fat passenger, "but that does not make any difference. Does the feller kill her?"

"I'll see," said the elevator booster, reversing the lever for the down trip. "At this moment the door burst open and a lithe, active form tore into the room. The girl gave a little scream of delight, and with a wild cry of 'Thank God, I'm saved!' she fell into the protecting arms of honest John Southier. Here's the sixth floor."

"Thank you," said the fat man. — Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Saved.

"My daughter, I am ruined," sadly said the unsuccessful business man. "I do not know what we can depend upon hereafter for our support."

"Do not worry, father dear," was the loving daughter's fond reply. "I will save you, and by my sacrifice we shall live as happily as before."

"You, my daughter!" exclaimed the stricken man. "Why, what in the world can you do to raise ready money for me now?"

And the girl answered him proudly, "I will melt up my engagement rings." — Somerville Journal.

A Little Too English.

Chum—What! You are not engaged to Miss Hightone? Well, I declare! I thought surely that would be a match. Young Tremolo—I lacked out. She was too much a slave of fashion, too English, you know.

Chum—You amaze me. Young Tremolo—Fact. She wanted me to go by myself and ask her father's consent. — New York Weekly.

A Doctor's Opinion.

First Friend—You have not been looking well lately. You should try dieting.

Second Friend—By Jove, old fellow, you ought to diet.

Third Friend—Say, old boy, your blood is out of order. Try plain food and a little of it for awhile.

Doctor (after a brief examination)—All you need is dieting. Five dollars, please. — Good News.

To the Influenza Germ.

By the shivering fits that chill us, By the feverish heats that grill us, By the pains acute which fill us, By the aches which maul and maul us, By the quacks who draft and pill us, By the hydropaths who swell us, By the allopaths who bill us, By the nervous fears which kill us— Tell us, tell us, we beseech, What and why and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomie? Have you used economic? Are you truly miasmatic? Are you solid or lymphatic? Frankly, is your cause zymotic? Are you native or exotic? When your business is transacted Is your stay to be protracted? And do you intend, Bacillus, To return again and kill us? Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery, What's your source and what's your history? Oh! the clouds of obfuscation That surround your incubation, Furnish, without more obstruction, Your belated introduction. Let us know your why and wherefore, What it is you're in the air for. And meanwhile, O wee Bacillus, I dread you fill us, I leave at once. — London World.

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